· FEBRUARY 1921

Little Folks

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a year

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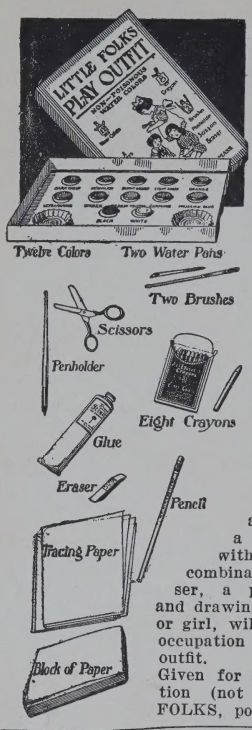
LOTS OF FUN FOR PLAYTIME



LITTLE FOLKS' PLAY OUTFIT.

This outfit is put up by us and cannot be purchased in any store. It is especially designed to supply the children with all the different tools and material they need for coloring pictures in books or magazines, drawing and painting pictures, tracing pictures, cutting and pasting cut-outs of all kinds, writing letters, etc. It is an outfit for school or home. The contents of this outfit are as follows: There are twelve non-poisonous paints, two mixing pans, two camel's hair brushes, a package of six crayons, a fine quality lead pencil with eraser, a tube of paste, combination ink and pencil eraser, a pen-holder, tracing paper and drawing paper. Any child, boy or girl, will get hours of pleasurable occupation and good from such an outfit.

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How would you like a big envelope just full of dresses and material for making clothes for your paper dolly and, besides, three different sized paper dollies with jointed arms and legs. They look as real as a paper doll can possibly look, and when dressed in their beautiful crepe paper dresses are certainly very attractive. Then there are patterns, too, for other dresses.

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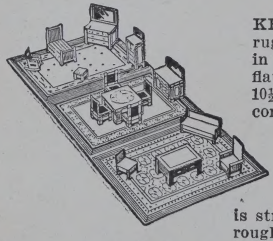

THE DOLLY HOUSE-KEEPING SET has floors, rugs and furniture printed in beautiful colors on flat cards, each measuring 10½ in. x 13½ in. The floor comes folded in three sections and when opened up as above measures 33½ in. x 13½ in. Furniture is in same proportion. The paper is strong and will withstand rough usage. Each set is in a glassene envelope. Each article of furniture is in one piece and made by cutting out, folding on creased lines and locking with tongues and slits; there is no need of paste or glue.

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Here is a whole circus tent and all it contains: 16 different animals, clowns, men, etc. These animals are all made of strong cardboard, lithographed in vivid circus colors and made to stand up alone. They are the same on both sides. The tent may be easily put together and looks just like a real circus tent.

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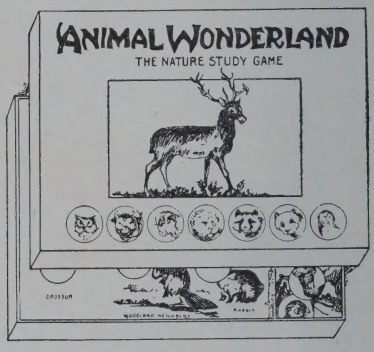

ANIMAL WONDERLAND

Do you know how all the animals ought to look? Does a rabbit have a pointed nose? Does a fox have horns? Does a rhinoceros have fur? You should have this nature study game called **Animal Wonderland.** It will soon teach you the names and appearance of the different animals. In this game the heads on the various animals have been cut out of heavy board leaves, and the proper pieces fit snugly into the holes intended for them. They can be easily removed and used in any of the pictures. You can make some very curious and funny animals by getting the wrong heads and bodies together. Printed in beautiful natural colors, with a story in rhyme.

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If you enjoy Little Folks you will enjoy this book as it consists of twelve issues of LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE bound in a fine cloth binding. It contains lots of fine stories and verses, hundreds of pictures, several in colors. There are fairy tales, nature stories, stories of real or make-believe children. This annual will be a continuous joy to the children and one that they will never grow tired of.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS and 15c. extra, postpaid. **Cash price, $1.00.**

Buy Your Toys by Mail From Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

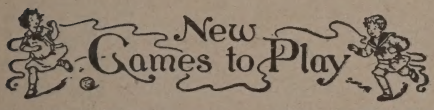
SOMETHING IMPORTANT

Have you sent for your valentine-making set? If not, you may still do so, if you hurry. See page 169.

Be sure to read the Home Guard story this month, and write to Cousin Constance.

The two true stories about Abraham Lincoln would interest your teacher. Perhaps she would like to read them to the other children, so why not take your *Little Folks* to school?

Are you enjoying our story and poem contest? Are you sending in your vote each time? The prize for the best story in the December contest goes to Eleanor Abbott, Lynn, Mass. for a story called, *The Secret* and the prize for the best poem goes to Catherine Felt, Melrose, Mass., for a poem entitled, *Christmas Bells.*



GAMES FOR HOME AND SCHOOL

BY ANNA M. BRADY

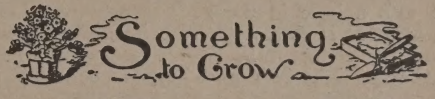
MAKE the very best bow and arrow you can. Take small sticks of different length and stick a potato on the end of each stick. Place them on a table. Choose sides and select a scorekeeper. Each player stands six feet from the potatoes and shoots at them. For every potato he hits, he scores ten points for his side. The winning side is the one having the highest number of points at the close of the game.

TOSS THE RING

A wooden hoop large enough to pass easily over the arm of the largest child is chosen. Sides are chosen and a catcher is selected from each side. The player stands six feet from his catcher and tosses him the ring which he attempts to catch on his arm. Every ring caught scores six points for the player's side.

BEAN BAG RELAY RAGE

Children form in two lines. Draw a line with chalk six feef in front of the lines. The first child in each line takes bean bag and at a given signal these children run to chalk line and back, giving the bean bag to the second child. The first one then runs to foot of line. The game continues until the first child is again at the head. The line which finishes first wins.



SALAD GROWING WITHOUT SOIL

BY S. LEONARD BASTIN

Nowadays everybody is trying to grow something to eat, and I am going to tell you about a little plan whereby you can help. I daresay you know what a nice salad mustard and cress is, and how easy it is to grow crops in the garden. But there is still a more easy way of getting this nice green food indoors.

The first thing you will want is a shallow wooden box from which the bottom and the lid have been taken away. Then you will need a piece of flannel which is rather bigger than the sides of the box. This should be stretched right across the woodwork, and tied down at the sides with string. See that the cloth is stretched rather tightly. Then you must get some water and make the flannel nice and moist all over.

You should buy one packet of mustard and one packet of cress seed. The best thing to use for sowing is a teaspoon. The cress takes longer to grow than the mustard, and this should be sown first. Scatter the seed rather thickly and you might cover half the flannel with cress. Four days later sow the mustard seed.

All along keep the flannel moist and, in a warm room, you will be surprised how soon the seeds will grow into little plants. When they are about a couple of inches high you may cut your salad and, after a rinse with clear water, it will be ready to eat.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 162)

Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag

Hawkinsville, Ga.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking you for two years and you may be sure I like you. I never see a letter from Georgia. What is the matter with you Georgia boys and girls? Do any of you readers like to go violet hunting? I just love to. One day I was out violet hunting with my black dog, Buster, and my white dog, Turk, and we saw a rabbit jump from behind a stump. I called my bull dog, Turk, and he began chasing the rabbit. Soon he ran in a pond and we lost sight of him, but Turk finally found him again, and this time he chased the bunny under a pile of boards. When the boards were moved, there was no rabbit to be seen. I soon discovered he had run into a hole in the ground and was looking at us as if to say, "You can't get me now." I am three feet tall, twelve years old, have grey eyes, light hair and medium complexion. I love climbing trees. I am a regular tomboy, wear overalls and enjoy the things boys do. I love flowers of all kinds and like to plant and work among them. I am very lonesome, as I live in the country and no one my size lives near me. I love country life, though. I would like someone to write to me.

Harriet E. Buff.

Gryla, Minn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am thirteen years old and I just love to read the interesting stories and letters, especially the letters. I live in northern Minnesota in a large timber. There are three log cabins in our timber and many of the people around here live in log cabins. There are so many different kinds of shrubs and trees in our woods. Last year the berries were just splendid. We have raspberries, choke cherries, pin cherries, dewberries, high bush cranberries, thorn apples, wild plums, strawberries and all kinds of other berries and fruits in our woods, and oh! the nuts are just splendid. Many times we see little squirrels skipping around, gathering nuts and things. Sometimes they like to steal grain. We saw a little bear in the woods not long ago. He was up in a giant oak, eating the acorns, I suppose. Some winter nights we can hear the wolves howl, and the Northern Lights are just wonderful at night, just like great fireworks. Sometimes the entire sky is flashing tongues of light that blaze and fade and flare all night.

Hattie E. Haack.

Dayton, Fla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking Little Folks and I like it very much. Our teacher told us to write an imaginary story. The best one was written by a girl friend of mine, who is only twelve. I think it a real good fairy tale and I am going to tell it to you.

How The Jelly Fish Became Flat

"Once upon a time the Queen of the dragons was very sick. The dragon doctor said to the king, 'Nothing will cure your wife except a monkey's liver.' The king did not know what to do. At last he thought of a good idea.

He called his jelly fish servant to him and said, 'My wife is very sick, and nothing will cure her except a monkey's liver. I want you to go to land at once and get her one.'

So the jelly fish started. When he got near shore he saw a large monkey playing with a cocoanut. 'Don't you want to take a ride out to sea on my back?' he said to the monkey. The monkey went.

When they were far out the jelly fish said, 'I want your liver. The dragon queen is very sick and needs a monkey's liver.'

The monkey said, 'But I left my liver back at land. I was just playing with it.'

So the jelly fish took the monkey back to land. The monkey went ashore, and, getting the cocoanut, tossed it out in the water. The jelly fish got it and took it back to the queen. She ate it and it killed her. Then the dragon king was so angry that he jumped up and down upon the jelly fish's back, and that is why the jelly fish is so flat."

I think this is a dandy fairy tale, don't you?

Bernice Ewards.

Suisun, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I took you for two years and then I stopped, but I missed you so that I began taking you again. I am eleven years old, and will be in the sixth grade when school starts. My great-grandfather was the first man to land here. Suisun used to be an island and I have heard my grandma say that lots of times the slue has come up to the back door of the house we live in now. But it has been built up and now it is not an island any more. The town was named after a tribe of Indians, and Solans County has been named for their chief. I live in one of the oldest houses in Suisun.

Frances Hillborn.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 164)

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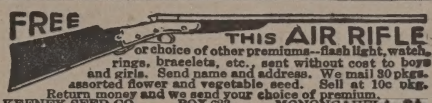
FREE  THIS AIR RIFLE
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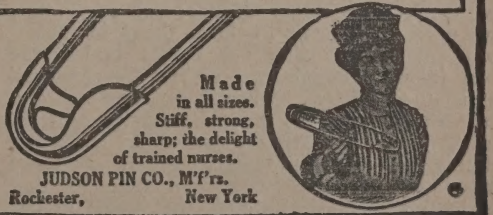
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GOOD morning, everybody! I'm sorry I can't call you each by name, but if I tried to, I'm afraid we'd hardly get through with to-day's "good mornings" before it would be time to commence on to-morrow's, and think how funny we would all look, bobbing good mornings at each other long after morning had gone! So I'll just say, "Good morning, Auntie Frances' boys and girls—all the many, many hundreds of you! This is Cousin Constance, and I hope you'll soon be my girls and boys, too!"

Auntie Frances and Robin and Peggy and Maysie have been telling me so many nice things about the Home Guard that I wonder if it will be possible for you and me to make it any nicer?

Auntie Frances sometimes speaks of the Home Guard as our *little* society; that is be cause she loves to think of us all as one group, and not because there is anything little about our club. It is really very, very large, with hundreds of members all over the country. Did you think of that?

When a club gets to be as large as ours is, it must be doing something very worth-while. I asked Auntie Frances what it was doing, and she said, "Our Home Guard members are learning to help and to be kind."

I was ever so pleased to hear that, because being helpful and kind are two of the most worth-while things we can learn to do, and a club that makes a point of doing them can't help but be a splendid club. I'm so glad ours is that sort.

Peggy and Robin think our club name is the best ever, and so do I, because that's what we really are—Home Guards; for every time we do a kind, loving, helpful thing for someone we are guarding our homes against the bad fairies, Thoughtlessness and Carelessness, and the wicked wizards, Crossness and Selfishness, who do not like homes and do all they can to destroy them. They could not destroy a house, for that is built of wood and stone; but they could destroy a home, for that is built of beautiful things that grow in our hearts and show in our lives every day—things so rare that we have to guard them very carefully.

It is sometimes hard to learn just how we may best guard these homes of ours, but it can always be done, and I think our club can find a good way to try. Suppose we do it this way:

Let us take out our Home Guard Books and rule one of the pages into six sections, or use a page for each section if there are pages enough left. At the top of the first page or the first page or section, write:

I will be obedient.

That is the very first way of guarding your home and making it happy.

Now, because I know you are not disobedient children unless you forget, I am not going to ask you to write down every time you obey. Instead, I am going to ask you to make a big black cross in that section every time you are naughty, so naughty that Mother has to be stern with you. Being truly obedient means doing things *without fussing,* you know—such things as getting up the first time you are called, putting down your book or leaving your play *at once* to do what Mother or Father asks, going to bed without teasing to stay up longer, learning your lessons well and practising your music. You will think of dozens of other things.

On March 30th, take your Home Guard Record to Mother and ask her if she thinks you deserve to be called an Honor Guard. If she does, write a note to Cousin Constance, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., and say that Mother thinks you have been obedient enough since February to entitle you to the first Guard Honor. When your note is finished, ask Mother to sign her name too, because unless she does, you cannot win your Honor. I am not going to tell you what these Honors will be, but there will be six of them, and when you have won the first your name will be printed in Little Folks as an Honor Guard, first rank.

(*Continued on page* 207)

(Something To Do Department continued on page 166)

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIV FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 4

DON

BY ARTHUR CLARK TURNER

"Hark, hark, hear the dogs bark;
The beggars are coming—"

BUT of course you know the rest of it. Every little boy and girl does. I wrote it only to set you thinking about dogs, for this is a story about a dog and a boy and a girl who belonged to him. You know every dog owns some little boy or girl. If he doesn't, he is a very unhappy dog. And I think every little boy and girl, to be really happy, ought to belong to some dog.

This dog's name was Donald Amber, but he was called just Don. He was a big Scotch collie, about the color of nice brown toast, all but his breast and the end of his nose, which were white. His fur was long and soft and warm, but his nose was as cold as ice, and he had a way of poking it against the back of your neck, if he had a chance, that sent little shivers all over you. His eyes were brown too, and oh, so soft, except when he was playing. Then they had a mischievous little sparkle in them that said, "Come on," just as plain as anything.

I don't know how old Don was, but he had gotten over his

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puppy ways and bossed the little boy and girl about just like a big brother. I think there must have been an understanding between him and their mamma, for when Don was with them, mamma never worried.

The boy's name was Malcolm, but they always called him Buster. He was a sturdy little fellow with a shock of taffy-colored hair, and cheeks as round and red as an apple. He was only five years old, so his legs hadn't had time to grow very strong, and wouldn't always stay under him. But he never cried when he got a fall or a bump—just put his hands and feet under him again, gave a tug and a little grunt, and there they were, back where they belonged.

Sister, whose real name was Margaret, was dark and tall, that is, tall for eight. She had very black hair, straight as an Indian's, which was cut "Dutch". But her eyes were soft and brown, not a bit like an Indian's, except that, as Buster said, they "saw everything."

Don and Buster and Sister all lived together in a big white bungalow in the center of a big lawn on Portland Heights. At the time of this story the lawn was white too, because it was winter and a thick blanket of snow lay over everything.

On this lawn, at one side of the walk, leading up from the street, stood the ruins of a snow fort which had taken Buster and Sister and Don a whole day to build. On the other side of the walk stood what was left of Snow Lady that Father and Mother had made several evenings before, between the times that they had pelted each other with the soft snow. Don had helped, too; not to make Snow Lady, but to make them all laugh.

Back of the bungalow there was a deep gully with a thick rose hedge where a gate led to a long flight of steps. Several times on bright Sundays when there was no snow, Father had taken Buster and Sister down those long steps, where, at the bottom, they had played in the little stream which gurgled musically over the stones. But they had never ventured there alone, and of course, now that the steps were hidden under the snow, no one else went.

BUSTER FELL MANY TIMES.

"DON AMBER, YOU GET AWAY FROM HERE. GO AND FIND BUSTER!"

The last and the heaviest of the snow storms had come in the night, and the fort and Snow Lady were, as Buster said "tucked away in bed." This snow was flaky and light and just right for wading; Buster and Sister and Don were having a great time plowing about the lawn. Many times Buster had fallen and left a print of his fat, round body in the snow. He couldn't always get his short legs under him again, so Sister had to come and help him up and brush the snow off. It happened so many times that Sister had become a little careless, and no longer rushed to help like a hen at the call of her chick.

But Don hadn't become careless. When Sister paid no attention, he would stand close by so that Buster could get his

fingers in to the long thick fur and pull himself up again. I suspect Don was to blame for a good many of the falls, anyway.

Sister had become very busy trying to uncover Snow Lady so she didn't know when the barking and shouting stopped. She had just about decided there wasn't enough of Snow Lady left to dig out, and was standing in the deep snow with her back to the walk, when she was knocked right off her feet on to her face. Brushing the powdery snow-flakes from her eyes, she was astonished to see Don standing over her, his long white teeth bared and the hair on his neck straight up. She wasn't afraid of Don and she hated snow on her face, so she struck angrily at the grinning brown head and scrambled to her feet, saying: "Don Amber, you get away from here. Go and find Buster!"

"Obediently Don turned, and with a loud bark scampered away, looking back over his shoulder as he ran. Sister was very angry at Don. She couldn't see why he had left Buster just for the fun of knocking her down in the snow. She carefully brushed the snow from her hood and cloak. Just as she turned back to Snow Lady, Don came back like a whirlwind behind her and once more knocked her over into the snow.

This time, she was cross, and scrambling to her feet, started after Don, her brown eyes blazing. He kept just out of her reach, taking little backward jumps and barking, just as he did when they were really playing. Finally, he rushed off toward the back of the lawn. Sister stopped, however, at the walk, where she stood angrily scolding. Mother opened the front door to inquire what all the noise was about.

"I wish you'd call Don in and pull his ears," cried Sister. "He knocked me down two times, right in the snow."

"Never mind, Dearie," Mother said, as she came down the walk and started to brush the snow from Sister's clothes. "Don was only playing."

"I don't like him to play that way," Sister replied. Then "Look out!" she screamed just as Don with a mighty rush ran against Mother, upsetting her as easily as he had Sister.

With a gasp of astonishment Mother regained her feet, and shaking her finger at Don, said:

"Don't be so rough, you rascal. What is the matter with you, anyway?"

Then Mother noticed a peculiar light in Don's eyes, and was certain they were saying, "Follow me." All at once she knew. He had been trying to get Sister to go with him, and *now he was asking her*. Something was surely wrong, or he wouldn't act like this. Her knees got so weak she could hardly stand, but she started toward Don, and he, thinking he was at last going to be followed, rushed off with a bark, not bothering to look back.

At the little gate in the hedge, which for some reason stood open, he stopped and waited for her to catch up; then scrambled, half running, half rolling, down the steep steps.

How she ever got down those snow-covered steps, Mother never knew. At last she found herself beside Don, who was tugging at a little huddled bundle in the snow, almost in the icy waters of the stream.

The bundle was Buster. In his romping with Don he had ventured too near the steep steps, and losing his balance, rolled like a big snowball clear to the bottom. Thanks to the soft snow he was only a little dazed, but he had a small cut across his square little chin.

Gathering Buster into her arms Mother started to mount the snow-covered steps, but it was not as easy to go up as to go down. After mounting a few steps she slipped and fell. She tried again and fell again. What to do she didn't know. All the time Don stood a little way off, his great tail sweeping back and forth, while he made little grunting noises which he meant for encouragement.

Buster lay very still in Mother's arms while the red spot on his chin grew bigger and bigger. Mother became frightened, and turning to Don, she said:

"Oh Don, how am I ever going to get back up these steps?"

Don must have been waiting for her to ask that, for he scampered up the steps, and stopping just above her dropped his

great bushy tail and waited, giving a quick sharp bark that said just as plainly as words: "Just take hold!"

Then Mother understood. Grasping the shaggy brush in one hand, and holding Buster tightly with the other, she said: "Pull, Laddie, now we'll make it."

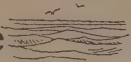
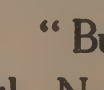
So they slowly plodded up the steep stairs where Sister waited, dancing up and down excitedly, Don barking joyously to tell her that he was bringing Buster back; and Sister, all the anger gone from her warm little heart, shouting to encourage him.

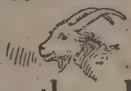
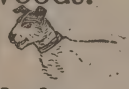
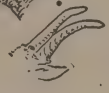
After a hard struggle they finally reached the little gate and Mother hurried Buster into the house and to bed. Not, however, until she had gratefully patted the shaggy brown head. Don was perfectly satisfied, perhaps even a little impatient, when Sister, kneeling in the snow pressed a warm kiss on his cold white nose. He didn't want to be kissed, just wanted to tell her about it: but Sister wouldn't wait. She hurried into the house with Mother and Buster. So Don went around in front and took it out on Snow Lady.

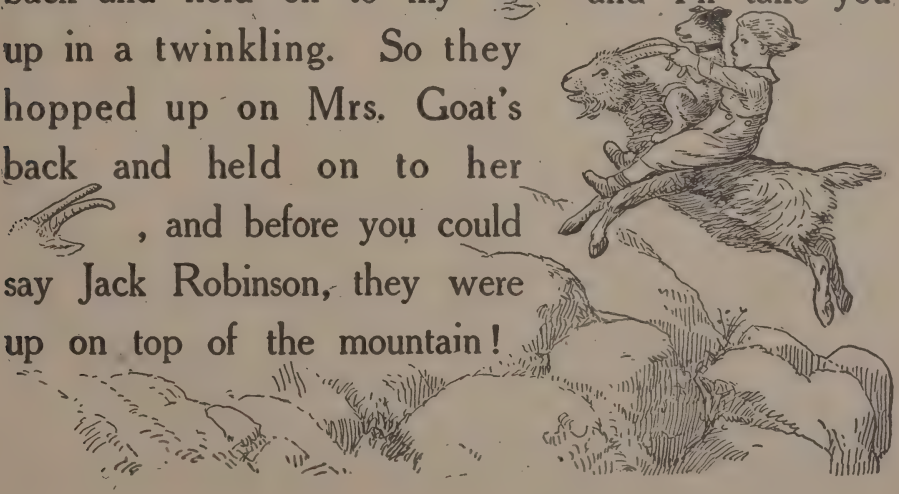
ALMOST IN THE ICY WATERS OF THE STREAM.

The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip

3

"TRA-LA!" sang little Trip, racing down the road. "We got across the  all right without a , didn't we, little master?" "Tra-la!" sang , racing after him. "So we did!" But heigh-ho, all of a sudden there was a big mountain right in front of them! The was as steep as the side of a . It was covered with and and there was never a sign of a road to go up. "So this is the end of our journey," cried . "We never can climb that !" But little dog winked his bright at him. "Trust me!" said . So they went and they went till they came to the mountain-goat's . Inside they could hear the rattling and the little crying, and when Mrs. Goat came to the there was a tear in her . "Pray excuse me, Mrs. ," said  . "But may I ask what is the matter?" "Why, little Nannie was going to a party," said , "but she lost one of her in the deep woods, and how can she

go to a party with only one !" "Well, well!" said . "My master here has very sharp and I have a very sharp . Show us the and we will run and find the mate to it." So  showed them the and away they ran into the deep woods. And Peter hunted with his sharp and  sniffed with his sharp , and hurrah! Under a big pine- they found the lost ! Then away they ran back to the with it, and little Nannie danced on her four little for joy. "One good turn deserves another," said . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Why, we'd like to get up that steep if we could," said . "Nothing easier," said . "Hop up on my back and hold on to my  and I'll take you up in a twinkling. So they hopped up on Mrs. Goat's back and held on to her , and before you could say Jack Robinson, they were up on top of the mountain!



THE TALL MAN SHOULDERED THE TRUNK AND STRODE UP THE STREET AS FAST AS DOLLY COULD KEEP PACE.

TRUE STORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809

I.—DOLLY'S EXPRESSMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, by the name of Dolly, who was going on her first real journey—not a drive in a stagecoach to a neighboring village, but a real journey on the railroad that had lately been built through the town. She was to take a trunk—a trunk covered with calf-skin and studded with brass nails on the top. The morning of the journey had come and the trunk stood in the hall ready packed. The good-byes had been said over and over, for it was time to leave the house for the station, but still the little trunk stood in the hall. The expressman had forgotten all about it. And there was not a man to be seen on the street—no one to carry the little traveller's trunk to the station!

Dolly ran from front door to back door and listened in vain

for the sound of the expressman's wheels. Mother and grandmother hovered about with anxious faces. At last a tall ungainly man came in sight; he was a stranger, but he had so kindly a look on his homely face that Dolly, who was standing at the gate, felt almost tempted to tell him of her trouble. There was no need, for the tear-stained face caught his notice and he stopped.

"What's the matter with this little girl?" he asked.

Dolly told him of her intended visit to her Aunt Louise, and there was her trunk forgotten by the expressman, and what should she do?

"I'll tell you," said the tall man; "just give mother a good-bye kiss and let me be your expressman."

Picking up the trunk the tall man loaded it on his shoulder and taking Dolly's hand he strode up the street to the station as fast as the little feet could keep pace. The trunk was put in the train just in time, and the tall man waved a goodby to Dolly at the window—"Mr. Lincoln," Dolly heard the people call him.

It was not long before Dolly was told that her unknown friend had been elected President of the United States. She is an old woman now, but she looks back with pleasure to the time when with her hand in that of the great and good Mr. Lincoln, she trotted by his side, her trunk on his shoulder, while he helped to dry her tears with funny speeches.

Louise T. Brooks

II.—THE PRESIDENT'S WALK WITH TAD

NOTHING will tell what kind of man Abraham Lincoln was better than the story of a walk he one day took with his little son Tad.

There had been a great war in our country, one part against another; the land had been full of soldiers; terrible battles had been fought, and on both sides many brave and noble men killed. This war lasted four years.

But, finally, Mr. Lincoln's side won. You know in games how proud is the side that wins. If it has been a great game,

the players and their friends throw up their caps, and shout and hurrah. Scarcely anybody thinks of the ones that were beaten, and how unhappy they feel. In history you will find that after the king of one country conquered another king, the conqueror came into the land with flags flying and drums beating, and carriages and horsemen and soldiers, and marched in procession through the chief city; and often he carried the conquered king with him as prisoner, and everybody cheered for the victors.

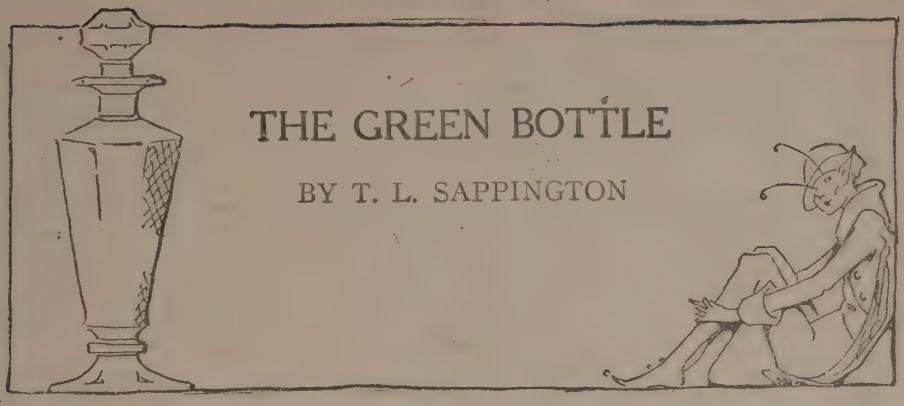
But how do you suppose President Lincoln went to Richmond, the chief city of the part of the country which had yielded? Do you think it was with banners and drums and music, and soldiers and shouting and hurrahing?

No. Abraham Lincoln had a great loving heart. He did not keep foremost in his mind how successful his armies had been; he thought about the people who had lost their side. He had no desire at all to have them feel humiliated.

So, he landed at their chief city from a little steamer that had brought him down the river from Washington, and walked on through the streets holding his little son Tad by the hand; and behind him walked just the few sailors who had come on the boat with him. Never before had a conqueror come so simply and lovingly, so like a friend.

Is there not a very good reason why this walk of President Lincoln should be remembered?

Frances Campbell Sparhawk



THE GREEN BOTTLE

BY T. L. SAPPINGTON

CHAPTER I.—TOMMY MEETS PROFESSOR SMELLGOOD

WHILE it is true that the green bottle after which this story is named, does not play as prominent a part in it as does Tommy Totten of Riverside Drive, or Professor Smellgood of Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory, nevertheless if it had not been for the green bottle there wouldn't have been any story at all. So, to be perfectly fair, it seems only right to give that title to the tale we are going to tell.

For sixteen long months, Professor Smellgood of the Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory had been cooped up in the beautiful little green glass bottle, covered with filigree work, that stood with a lot of other beautiful things on the mahogany top of the dressing table in Tommy Totten's mother's bedroom.

Of course Tommy's mother did not know this, nor did Tommy; in fact, no one knew it except Professor Smellgood himself; and the only way the secret got out was by accident.

Tommy was six; fat enough, fair enough, and good enough for all general purposes, but of course, being a boy, he occasionally did something he ought not to do, and that was how he came to discover Professor Smellgood.

Passing along the upper hallway, one afternoon, he noticed that his mother's door was ajar, so he paused a moment to peep in. Then, seeing no one, he stepped over the sill, and looked about him with interest. He was not allowed in the bedroom. There were so many fine things to muss up. For instance, the

high posted twin beds with the silk coverlets, and the lamp on the little stand between them: the couch heaped with cushions, and the bureau just beyond it; and in the alcove, the wonderful dressing table with a light on each side of the three sided mirror, and the marvelous collection of glittery things his mother used.

TOMMY PAUSED A MOMENT TO PEEP IN

Walking on his toes Tommy approached the display. My, how fine they looked; silvery brushes, dainty gold topped boxes, and all sorts of mysterious bottles, especially the green one in the middle with the glass stopper, and the net all over it. He wondered what was in it, and the more he wondered the more he wished he knew. So at last after looking behind him swiftly, he took a deep breath and reached for it, but just as he did so a door slammed downstairs. With a gasp of fright he sprang backwards, his thumb caught the bottle and over it went—click; out fell the stopper and across the polished surface of the table there trickled a stream of amber colored fluid.

Tommy was appalled. He opened and shut his mouth several times without saying a word, like a fish. His eyes bulged. He did not know what to do. But even in his distress he could not help noticing what an entrancing odor was filling the room. He sniffed appreciatively. No wonder his mother prized the bottle so. And now look at it! Maybe he wouldn't catch it! Twisting his legs miserably he began to whimper.

"Oh, dear," he said to himself," no one will ever believe I didn't mean to do it. If only I hadn't come in, and if only Nora hadn't left the door open."

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Then he decided he'd better run away quick while he had the chance, so he turned to fly. And then—his mouth opened wider than ever, he stopped short, for crawling out of the neck of the bottle was Professor Smellgood, very wet and bedraggled looking.

"Why—why!" began Tommy. "Where—where?"

Professor Smellgood, wringing out the tails of his long coat, looked at the boy severely. The Professor was only three inches high, but nevertheless he could be very dignified when he wanted to, and the glance he gave Tommy Totten was anything but approving. To tell the truth Professor Smellgood was rather mortified at his appearance. The bottle he had crawled out of was labelled "Extract Distingue", and "Extract Distingue" was dripping from every part of him.

"Don't keep saying *Why—why,* and *where—where,*" said the Professor to Tommy irritably. "Do something. Can't you see how wet I am? Haven't you a towel?"

"Why—why, of course," said Tommy, darting into the bathroom and producing the article. But as he extended it, Professor Smellgood drew back in disgust.

"I didn't ask for a bedspread," he said testily." I asked for a towel. T-o-w-e-l—towel."

But—but this is a towel," replied Tommy. "Really it is."

"No such thing!" retorted the Professor Smellgood. "I guess I know a towel when I see one. Look at the size of it."

"Oh," said Tommy, beginning to understand. After which he rummaged in the bureau drawer and produced one of his mother's handkerchiefs.

"That's more like," said the Professor Smellgood, drying his face and hands, and rubbing his head briskly. "Now if you'll shut the door so no one will come in, I'll undress and see if I can't get my clothes dry."

So Tommy shut the door, and Professor Smellgood, climbing down from the dressing table, took off his clothes and spread them out in a patch of sunshine that showed on the rug by the window. After which he doubled the towel Tommy had first given him into several thick folds and bundled it about him.

"Well," he said, as he settled himself cross-legged on the floor before the boy, "I suppose you are wondering about me, aren't you?"

"Why—why, yes," said Tommy, sitting down on the floor also, "I am, sort of."

The astonishing appearance of Professor Smellgood had driven all thoughts of his mother out of his head. All fear of punishment for what he had done was forgotten in his curiosity regarding the little stranger.

"Well," said the Professor, "Perhaps we had better begin by telling each other our names. What's yours?"

"Tommy Totten," said Tommy. What's yours?"

"I," said the old gentleman, "am Professor Smellgood—*the* Professor Smellgood—Director-in-chief of the Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory. Maybe you've heard of me."

"No," said Tommy, "I never have."

"Humph!" responded the Professor, rather huffily. "That's strange. However, if you haven't, lots of folks have. I'm famous. I've invented all the wonderful perfumes in the world, from the time of ancient Rome down. And I'm still inventing them. What do you think of that? Don't you wish you were I?"

"Why, yes," said Tommy. "I wish I were. But then I'm only a boy. Maybe I'll get to be just as great when I get to be a man, too."

"Hum!" said Professor Smellgood, rubbing his nose. "Well, maybe you will. In fact, I believe you could be great if I showed you how. I've been wanting an apprentice for a long time. How would you like to be my assistant in the Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory? It's a great opportunity."

"Well, I don't know," said Tommy. "You see, I'm going to school and—"

"School!" retorted Professor Smellgood, scornfully. "What is school compared to a chance like this? You'd learn more under my instruction than in all the schools going, and you wouldn't have any lessons to study."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" said Tommy, eagerly. "I'd like that, all

right. Letters are terribly hard to learn, and spelling just sort of makes me tremble. I—I think maybe I'll go with you. That is, if I don't have to stay all the time. Do I?"

"By no means," replied Professor Smellgood, going over to his clothes and feeling them. "Indeed, you might not stay at all. It would depend on how apt you were. I can't stand stupid people. Are you stupid?"

"What do you mean—stupid?" asked Tommy. "I can speak pieces, and I can remember five different fairy stories my father told me."

"You can?" said Professor Smellgood, eagerly. "What are they?"

"Well," said Tommy, "there's Jack the Giant Killer, and Cinderella, and—"

"Cinderella, eh?" interrupted the Professor. "My, my! Why I knew her fairy godmother well. In fact—confidentially, I came mighty near getting married to her fairy godmother when I was a young man. But I'm glad I didn't, now. It would have interfered with my experiments terribly. Well, if you can remember fairy stories like that, you've certainly got brains. So I guess I'll try you."

HE DECIDED HE'D BETTER RUN WHILE HE HAD THE CHANCE.

Then as he put on his clothes, which were dry by this time, he told Tommy that the quicker he got back to Fairyland Laboratory the better.

To tell the truth," he said, "I'm afraid matters are in a ter-

rible way. You see, I disappeared all of a sudden, and of course had no chance to leave instructions with the rest of the Fairies at the Laboratory. There's no telling what might have happened."

PROFESSOR SMELLGOOD TOSSED A POWDER INTO THE AIR.

"Why, what happened?" asked Tommy.

"What happened?" exclaimed Professor Smellgood. "Didn't you see me crawl out of your mother's bottle of perfume? That's what happened! Just before the bottle was sealed I climbed the ladder as usual and leaned over the mouth of it to test its aroma. Just as I did so the ladder slipped from under me and I fell into the bottle head first. And of course, when I did that I was instantly dissolved. And when the bottle was sent to your mother I was sent with it."

"My," said Tommy, taking a deep breath, "wasn't that awful. Weren't you scared?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Professor Smellgood. "I was annoyed, of course, but I can't say I was scared. I knew I should get out some day when the bottle was emptied, provided, of course, the stopper wasn't left in when the bottle was thrown away. If the stopper was left in when your mother threw the

bottle away then I should have been a goner, but luckily you came along, upset the bottle, and the minute it emptied itself, out I came. So everything is all right, my clothes are dry, and we can start back to the laboratory without delay. So let's be starting." Buttoning his coat about him tightly, he looked at Tommy inquiringly. "Well," he said, "why don't you go ahead?"

"Go ahead?" responded Tommy. "Go ahead where? I don't know what you mean."

Professor Smellgood gave an impatient exclamation. "Didn't I say we were going to Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory."

"Yes," said Tommy, "but where is it? I don't know how to get to any Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory."

"Hum!" said Professor Smellgood. "You're not as smart as I thought you were." He fumbled in his pocket for a moment. "Well, if you don't know how to get to the Laboratory I'll have to bring the Laboratory here."

With that he tossed a powder into the air. Instantly the room was filled with a sort of vapor, smelling even more deliciously than the perfume in the bottle. Tommy opened his mouth to say something, but somehow he felt too lazy and sleepy to do it. He looked about him wonderingly. Things in it were beginning to disappear. The beds were gone, the bureau; even the dressing table seemed to be moving away. And he couldn't even see the chairs. He hoped his mother wouldn't be cross at having her furniture taken away like that.

Whiff! Whiff! The room gave a sort of dip, then another; then it turned a complete flip-flop, and when it came up again it wasn't his mother's room at all. It was the Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory, and standing by Tommy's side was Professor Smellgood, apparently much larger than he had been a short time before.

(To be continued)

HE CHASED A RABBIT JUST TO TEASE HER

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

Author of "Twinkly Eyes," etc.

Illustrations by Peter Da Ru

CHAPTER X.—THE JUGGLER

TWINKLY EYES, the little black bear, was juggling with a floating log. It is curious how things happen in this world. If he hadn't learned to juggle—but that would be telling too soon!

At any rate, he was proving his title as clown of the woods.

It had been a glorious day. He had begun by ripping a rotten log to pieces for the ants and grubs that he always found underneath the loosened bark. He loved the fat, white buttery grubs and the vinegary-tasting little red ants. Together, they made a fine salad. After having torn a strip of the bark away, he would catch the ants by laying his paw on the log and holding it still till the insects had climbed aboard for a taste of bear paw. When his fist was thickly covered, he would carry it to his tongue and lick off a juicy mouthful.

Every now and again a grasshopper would whiz by, and alight on the ground beside him. Slap would go his paw, and one more dainty would be carried to that greedy little mouth. Sometimes he chased the lively fellows, snapping his jaws at them like a puppy, as they hopped madly away in their effort to escape. Fat and awkward, the little bear would go tumbling after them, till suddenly his sharp ears would catch the soft squeak of a nestful of field mice. Then he would set to work and dig them out before they could make up their minds which way to flee. He was a far better mouser than Bobby, the Lynx kitten. Once, too, he came upon a bumblebee's nest, and he ate that, clawing the angry bees from his nose, the only spot unprotected by his thick fur.

There were pine buds, by way of dessert, and new young alder bark, and balsam bark, and fir and spruce buds. There was even an aspen sapling, whose top he pulled down so he could nibble the tender new green shoots. In the open spaces there was juicy new young grass—catkins, too, and mushrooms. Best of all, down in the creek bed, he found little round nests of fish eggs, too delicious for words! It had certainly been a wonderful day for Twinkly Eyes!

His appetite appeased, he chased a rabbit, just to tease her, then he splashed naughtily in among the ducks, and sent them flying for their lives.

Next he found a floating log and began juggling with it. First he tried to climb aboard one end—and it was fortunate he didn't mind a ducking. For, of course, his end went down while the other came up. Then he grabbed it by the middle and threw one leg across, but it rolled over with him, and he emerged blowing water with a series of strangled whoofs.

The log had by this time floated into a little inlet, where the roots struck into the bank, anchoring it at one end, and Twinkly swam ashore and tried to walk out on the bridge it made. But even his slight weight was enough to send it swirling. As he felt his perch slipping beneath him, he grasped the log in his strong little arms and waded ashore on his flat hind feet. Dragging his bridge a little way up the bank, with one end still in

the stream, he once more tried to walk it, and this time he was more successful.

Then he gave it a shove that sent it whirling into midstream, and made a leap for it. As luck would have it, he landed squarely in the middle, and the log floated off like a raft. But suddenly, shooting over a tiny falls that fed a blue-green pool, it jammed in the rocks and came to a stand-still.

The little bear puffed and panted till he pried it loose. The pool was not deep, and now he tried standing the log upright, like the trunk of a tree, to see if he could climb it. Again and again the silly fellow tried. Perhaps you have seen the clown at the circus try to climb a ladder that way. But the little clown in fur only ended in a series of tumbles. Finally he got provoked at the log, and setting his teeth in the bark, shook it with all his might, growling ferociously.

After that he climbed a pile of drift-wood that he found on the bank and pried out another log, but with no better luck. Still, he was having a jolly good time, and more important— as we shall see— he was learning tricks that were to prove their worth before another day had passed.

Now the banks of every brook that led into Lone Lake were piled with a debris of fallen logs and underbrush that the winter storms had torn off the ridges and washed into the gulches. With each spring freshet these logs were washed down the swollen streams into Lone Lake, there to find their way with the current into Rapid River. There was one hillside that was particularly bad, where the forest fire had swept the year before, leaving whole trees charred and ready to fall in the first heavy wind.

So far this spring there had been no freshet, though the rapidly melting snow had raised the streams tremendously. Suddenly, in the chill gray of dawn, a terrific thunder storm came rolling into the sky, and Twinkly, trying to snooze on an old beaver dam, covered his eyes with his paws to keep out the blinding flashes. But the thunder was even worse, and after each peal he rubbed his sensitive ears unhappily.

Then the rain came—great, cold splashes of it, with such a

TWINKLY COVERED HIS EYES WITH HIS PAWS TO KEEP OUT THE FLASHES

wind that when he tried to make for shelter, his feet were fairly blown from under him, and he slipped into the churning water. My, how it rained! Instead of coming down in drops, it came in sheets, each drop seeming to reach to the next one. It came so fast, and it came so wet, that Twinkly could hardly draw his breath. He puffed and panted in his effort not to swallow the whole storm.

Never had he known such a rain; neither, for that matter, had Mother Black Bear, huddled close about the two new baby cubs, who were shivering with cold and fright in the den at the head of the brook-bed. The reason was that this was not a regular rain at all. It was something that doesn't happen once in a life-time. It was a cloud-burst. And the water came down so fast, and the ground was soaked so full of melted snow, that it couldn't begin to sink in; it simply rolled off those hill-sides in sheets.

Into the brook beds it poured, and into the lake rushed the flooded brooks; and higher and higher rose the foaming waters. Everything was flooded. Mother Black Bear suddenly realized that the water had risen till it wetted her cave floor. It might fill the cave any minute!

As for poor Twinkly Eyes, it simply washed him off into the

brook like a chip of wood. Then it churned him around so fast that he couldn't even begin to swim. He was just able to grasp a floating log.

The next instant, another log came swirling by, struck against the one he was clinging to, up-ended, and hit him whack! across the head!

"Troubles never do come singly, gasped the little black bear.

(To be continued)

PEEP OF THE DAY

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

OF all the brave little, bright little Hours,
There is one that is known to but few;
He has his full share of the sunshine and showers
The same as the rest of them do,
But somehow or other, most children at play
Have not even seen jolly Peep of the Day.

And this is the reason: he's up and around
With just the first wink of the sun,
And quick as a flash, and with never a sound,
His work and his play are all done;
Yes, that's how it happens we miss little Peep—
The most of us then are abed and asleep.

He's certainly tiny, but see what he does—
He opens the workshops of day,
And sets the wheels going with never a buzz,
And never a moment's delay;
He winds up the clocks—then this bright little elf
Runs off to give place to the Morning itself.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER VII.—THE SEACH AT THE PHILIBEG FAIR

ALL the boys and girls had expected to go to the Philibeg fair, but they had not expected to go all together.

That was what they did do, the morning after Billy Boy had received the big pumpkin instead of the drum that he had bought for his Company, the Pekoe Guards, and Bee had got the wrong monkey with her hurdy-gurdy.

It was generally believed that the expressman had carried the drum and might possibly have carried the right monkey to the Philibeg fair.

The road from Pekoe to Philibeg was a sight that Saturday morning!

Boys and girls on bicycles and on foot, boys and girls in carriages and on horseback. There were three little Bickerbys on the back of their old sorrel horse! Billy Boy and Bee drove Carrots in the donkey cart with the great pumpkin in behind and at the last moment they were obliged to let little lame Leander Green sit astride the pumpkin.

Leander was late because he had to wait for his mother to starch a collar and iron it for him, so there was no one else to give him a lift. Billy Boy and Bee agreed that they would take turns walking for a while if the load should be too heavy for Carrots.

Carrots would let you know if he found a load too heavy—never fear! He would just stand still and kick.

They took the monkey, too. Billy Boy said that if Yellow-Cap had been carried to the fair by mistake it would be well to be able to change at once.

Bee thought that the monkey would remain quietly in the cart; and for a while he did sit upon the seat between her and Billy Boy, as grave as a judge.

Bee kept the end of the fine long chain that was fastened to his collar around her wrist and felt no uneasiness about him,

even when he chose to sit astride the pumpkin in imitation of little Leander Green.

But when suddenly he took a flying leap to Carrots' back, it seemed likely that there would be trouble! Carrots was growing old and crabbed and for a long time had not allowed any boy or girl to get upon his back. He had tossed Jacky Haines, the minister's son, over a fence into a cabbage-field and had stood so straight up on his hind legs that little Smithy Dusenberry slid off. Smithy was plucky and held on to Carrots' tail, and he was so small and nimble that Carrots kicked and kicked and didn't hit him.

But little Smithy Dusenberry's aunt, with whom he lived, was so badly frightened, thinking of what Carrots *might* have done to her nephew, that she covered him with arnica plasters and wouldn't let him go to school for three days, and since that none of the Pekoe children had tried, or even wished to try to ride Carrots.

Bee's heart stood still when the monkey alighted on the donkey's back. But Carrots didn't behave as he ever had behaved before. He tried to turn his head around so that he could see the queer creature that had alighted on his back, his big ears seemed to grow bigger and stiffer and he uttered one of his great brays that always made people put their fingers in their ears. He stopped short and seemed to be about to begin to kick when the monkey began to scold sharply, in his high-keyed voice. Then Carrots, that donkey that no one had ever been able to manage when he didn't like things, dropped his ears meekly, started off at a good, steady pace, passed everything on the road, and carried them to the Philibeg fair at the very head of the Pekoe procession!

And even at the Philibeg fair, where there was so much to see, everyone stopped to look at the donkey-cart with little Leander Green riding the big pumpkin behind and the monkey riding Carrots in front.

Billy Boy made his way directly to the vegetable exhibit, followed by all the Pekoe boys and girls, and by Orlando Pew, the Brown's "hired man," who had been sent to take care of them.

PEKOE HAD AN EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR

Orlando was very tall and he carried the great pumpkin on his shoulder and he was surrounded by the Pekoe children; and when the monkey dashed away from Bee and climbed to Orlando's shoulder and sat astride the pumpkin again, a crowd gathered shouting.

Orlando said it looked as if Pekoe had already got an exhibit at the fair.

But Billy Boy and, in fact, all the Pekoe Guards hurried on to the vegetable exhibit booths, heaped with vegetables in such beautiful colors that they looked at a little distance like bouquets of flowers. Billy Boy could not stop to think how pretty they were.

"Have you had a drum sent here instead of a big pumpkin?" he asked an attendant.

"We've had a drum. I don't know that 'twas instead of a pumpkin, although it was marked 'For Exhibit 3.' That is the vegetable exhibit. The Philibeg band that's playing over there at the stand had ordered a new drum and they thought the small drum had been sent them for a joke—the drummer is a very large man, you see."

The Pekoe Guards looked over at the band-stand. The drummer was a very stout man indeed! He was almost as broad as he was long and his cheeks were puffed out as if he had been playing on a flute.

"I wonder if drumming makes you so! I think it is that instead of eating candy," said Tommy Philbrick eagerly—for Tommy did not like to have people say that he must not eat candy.

But the rest of the Guards were thinking only of the drum. They hurried over to the stand to demand its return, Orlando Pew still keeping the big pumpkin, with the monkey astride it, upon his shoulder.

They were not going to give up the pumpkin until they were sure of the drum, for that big pumpkin might mean, as Bob Brown said, the finest jack-o'-lantern, by and by, that Pekoe had ever seen.

(To be continued)

Buff

By Minnie Grant Tarr

USUALLY Ella's big yellow cat, Buff, was very good, but sometimes he liked to be naughty. He loved cream and wanted it just like little boys and girls want candy.

One morning, Ella's mamma gave Buff a nice saucer full of cream, but Buff was hungry and wanted more. He had caught a fat mouse that night and felt as if he needed *two* saucers of cream to wash it down, but Ella's mamma thought one saucerful was enough, so Buff jumped upon a chair and curled up in a tight yellow ball with his long fluffy tail wrapped around him. He kept one big blue eye half open to watch Ella's mamma. He saw her pour off the cream from a pan of milk into a blue pitcher and set it on the table where Ella had piled the breakfast dishes after wiping them. Then mamma took a pan of scraps out of doors to feed the chickens.

"Here's my chance!" chuckled Buff to himself as the screen door shut behind Mamma. In a flash he was off the chair and onto the table. He peeped into the pitcher and ran his tongue out greedily. Then down went his head, but he had to push and squeeze because the top of the pitcher was much smaller than the bottom and Buff's head was big, but, after pushing hard a few minutes, down went his little pink nose right into the rich cream. "Um-umm" it tasted good, and down went his head still farther until even his ears were out of sight. He gobbled and he gurgled until he was so full he couldn't get another drop down his throat.

"I'd better get out of here before Ella's mamma comes back," thought Buff and grinned a big cat's grin to himself to think

how he had fooled Mamma. But his laugh didn't last long for he found it was easier to squeeze his head *into* the pitcher than to get it out. He kept trying and trying to pull his head out, but he couldn't. Then he got scared thinking Ella's mamma would come back and find him stealing the cream, and he shoved and he pulled until he ran the pitcher right into a pile of cups and off they banged onto the floor. This scared Buff and he pushed all the harder and kept knocking dishes off the table.

Mamma heard the noise and rushed into the kitchen just as Buff gave a last big push and fell off of the table with the pitcher still on his head. Bang! they went down together, smashing the pitcher and spilling cream all over the floor. Buff's head was so covered with cream it looked like a big butterball.

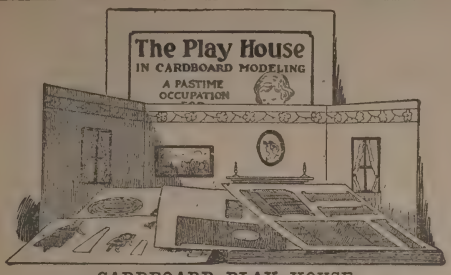
He was so scared he just lay still, breathing hard, and Ella's mamma thought he was dying, so she picked him up and washed the cream all off and put him in a basket behind the stove to dry. Then she picked up the broken dishes.

After Buff's fur had dried he felt better and peeped over the top of the basket at Mamma who said, "Shame on kitty," when she saw him; and Buff slid down into the basket again and stayed there until Ella came in from the garden for her morning lunch.

Buff never jumped up on the table again and never tried to steal any more cream.

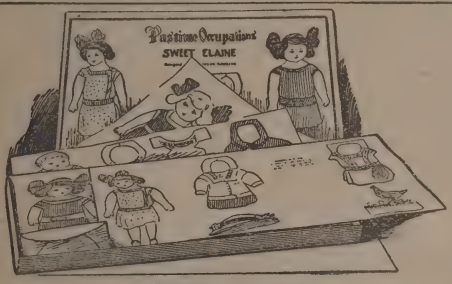
"PRETTY KITTY!"

PAPER DOLLS FOR EVERY GIRL



CARDBOARD PLAY HOUSE

Do you enjoy making doll furniture? Then you will like this Play House of cardboard where Susie and Bobby live with Little Mother. You set up the Play House and then cut out and put together the printed furniture that comes with the set and arrange it to suit your taste. This is particularly good fun for rainy days, and as soon as your house is done, all you need do is cut out Susie and Bobie and Little Mother and Tabbie-the-cat, and they are ready to move in. The set is printed in attractive colors, so that the finished Play House makes an artistic toy.



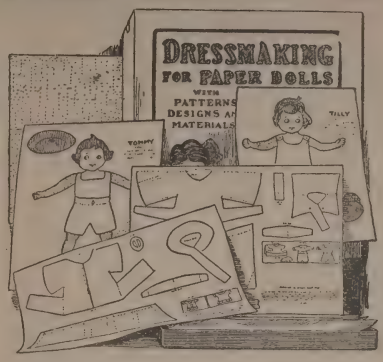
SWEET ELAINE

Here is a delightful dolly, with her playmates and their pets, ready for you to cut out and make dresses for. Each little doll has her own particular clothes, all in pretty colors, ready for you to cut out and fit to her, and of course you will think of many others to make with your scissors and crayons. Sweet Elaine says, "Give me to a little friend who is getting over an illness. Little getting-well girls find the hours so long. Just think how much fun I could give her!"

SUSIE AND BOBBY PAPER-DOLL

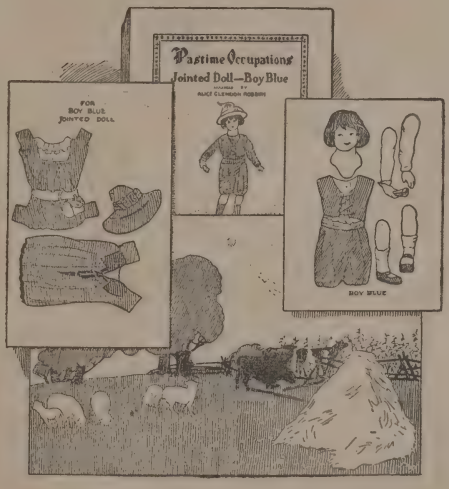
Four paper dollies all in one set, ready to be cut out and mounted, each with its own clothes. There are Susie and her twin Bibbie, with hheir pet cat and dog; Baby Rose, a real baby paper doll, and Busy Betty, the twins' little neighbor. And here's a secret! If you wish to cut out the two little dollies on the box cover, you'll have another pair of twins.

Of course, you can make all the extra clothes you wish.



DRESSMAKING FOR PAPER DOLLS

Tilly and Tommy have no clothes except the little "undies" they are wearing, and a hat apiece. So they are depending upon you to make them some, and they hope you will hurry, because cold weather is coming soon. There are real, honest-to-goodness patterns in this set, all ready to use, with directions and pretty paper for making the suits. You will learn a brand new way of making paper doll clothes when you use this set, for the patterns are as "really truly" as those Mother uses to cut your dresses by. Of course, you don't sew paper doll clothes, but you will need to learn to paste them neatly and evenly, and you will think of countless pretty ways of trimming, even copying your own favorite clothes.



JOINTED DOLL—BOY BLUE

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn."

You know the rest of the poem of course. And here they are—Boy Blue, the cow, the sheep, the haystack, the horn and even the meadow. All ready to be cut out is Boy Blue, and as he is jointed, you can move his arms and legs and head. He has a cut-out suit, an extra blouse and a smock, besides two hats. Rivets to put him together come with the set.

Your choice of any four of these premiums, for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price 15c. each.

Toys by Mail never fail—Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

AN ELF WITH HIS COMPASS

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS

THE FAIRY RING OF WINTER

LAST August we learned something about the "fairy-rings" often seen upon the lawn in summer. Have you ever found a fairy-ring upon the snow? Not a mushroom this time, but a circle clearly drawn upon the smooth surface of light snow as if a mischievous elf, with compass in hand, had marked it upon winter's white page just to puzzle us. We can imagine all the fairies, sprites and elves chuckling with glee to think that they have mystified a mortal!

But half-an-hour in the fields, with mind open and eyes alert, will show us the true artist. The compass is really a bent or broken grass-blade, marking perhaps an arc first, then a semi-circle, until at last the fairy-ring is complete.

Questions

What other marks have you seen upon winter's white page?

Can you tell the foot-prints of a cat from those of a dog?

Have you looked closely at the tiny foot-prints of birds in the snow?

Josephine Ames Baker

SOMETHING TO CUT AND COLOR

(*See page* 168)

TO make John and his Kiddie-Kar, first paste the page on stiff paper. Paint the horse brown. John's hair is yellow, his face, hands and knees, pale pink, his rompers and sox, blue. The Kiddie-Kar is light yellow with red wheels.

Cut out all the pieces. Paste the horse's heads exactly together *to* the line T-E. Leave the flap free. Fold down the legs of the car and fasten wheels with braces pasted inside wheel hubs. Cut slit E-T and insert flap on horse's head to line T-E. Fold flaps up under car and paste. Paste John together as far as his elbows (A-B) and his belt (A-C). Then when he sits on the car, one leg will go on either side, and one hand will go on each side of the horse's head.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 203)

SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

EVERY other month, we will print as many of the best stories and poems submitted by our readers as this page will hold.

We will give the prizes for the best poem and for the best story, and you, yourselves, may help to choose the prize-winners by filling out the coupon at the bottom of the page.

Here are the rules you must observe:

1. *Write with ink, upon one side of the paper only.*
2. *Stories must not be more than 300 words long, nor verses more than 8 lines.*
3. *Put your name, age and address at the top of the first page, with the number of words.*
4. *Contributions for the April contest must reach the Story Contest Editor, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., by February 10th. (There will be no contest in March).*

THE BRAVERY OF DOGS DURING THE WAR

By Ned Carey, New Rochelle, N. Y.

It is said that there were about ten thousand dogs employed at the battle front at the time the Armistice was signed. The dogs shared all the hardships and dangers with the soldiers. When the time came to go over the top the dogs were always ready.

The Red Cross dogs were very valuable and rendered aid to the wounded soldiers. They fed and protected their wounded friends. When the dogs found a wounded soldier they were taught to bring back to the trenches some small article that the soldier owned. They were taught to ignore the dead.

The dogs did their bit by staying at the listening post for hours at a stretch. At the least noise the dog would be alert. When a collie heard or scented the enemy coming, he would keep still and wag his tail as a signal. Often companies were saved by a dog.

There was another dog called the liason dog. He was usually chained. When he was let loose he was taught to go after his master and no one else. Often through shell fire, bombs and fighting the liason dog ran on, thinking of nothing but his master.

When the motor lorry was helpless and the horses the same, dog teams came in handy. These teams were given by Alaska and Labrador.

Michael was the name of a dog in France. Without help he dragged his master back to the trenches, under constant shell fire.

Lutz, another dog, was awarded the War Cross Star as an Advanced Sentinel. This dog is now called "the dog hero of Verdun."

Nellie, an Irish Terrier, was awarded a cross for bravery in following her master through shot and shell in the battle of Ypres. Later she was taken to the Belgian Mission and brought to America.

Treat animals kindly, always, and they will sometime, in your greatest peril, help you.

SPRING

By Ruby Williams, Elton, La.

I think of all the seasons
I like spring the best;
The seeds begin to come up
And the Robin shows his red breast.

GOOD-BYE

By Gertrude Hirshberg
Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

Good-bye, little robin,
I know you must go,
For winter is coming,
Its storms and its snow.

Now soon in the southland
Your song you will sing,
So good-bye, little robin,
But only till spring!

SLOW BUT SURE

By Gardner L. Winn, Andong, Korea

THERE were two brothers, Robert and Arthur. Robert could work very fast but Arthur was slower in his work. One Saturday morning their father told them that each must weed a row in the garden. If they finished their tasks by four o'clock they might go for a ride with him. Both boys liked to ride and so they both began their work.

Robert did his work as fast as he could because he thought he could get it done first, and have his ride while Arthur would still be working. But he did it so fast that he wasn't half done before he couldn't work any more, but had to go into the house and lie down and rest. Pretty soon he had a high fever and they undressed him and put him to bed.

He got worse and they had to telephone for the doctor, who said Robert must stay in bed till his fever went down. So he didn't get any ride.

It is better to work slowly and to finish your task, than to get tired out by working too fast and to leave your task only half done.

.....

STORY CONTEST COUPON

I think the best story on this page is

_____

I think the best poem on this page is

_____

My name is _____

(Something To Do Department continued on page 204)

The Kitten That Wanted To Be A Christmas Present

By Daisy D. Plympton

ONCE, on a cold, snowy day in winter, the Rabbit, hopping through the Forest, heard a cry from the other side of a big log. He stopped and listened with his long ears. "Mew, mew, mew!" came the cry again. The Rabbit was a little frightened, for he did not know any animal that said *mew* when it cried. But it was such a sad little cry that he hopped around to the other side of the log.

There, standing in the snow, was a small gray Kitten—holding up one foot as though it were hurt. When she saw the Rabbit, she tried to walk on, but stopped again, crying *mew.*

The Rabbit had never met a Kitten before, for kittens do not live in the Forest, and he knew nothing of them; but he was not afraid of anything so small.

"I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT," SAID THE KITTEN.

"Well, well," said the Rabbit, looking at her, "how very small and young you are, to be sure. I shouldn't think it would be safe for a little creature like you to be out alone this weather. Shall I help you home?"

"No thank you, Sir," said the Kitten. "I have no home."

"What! no home!" exclaimed the Rabbit. "Are you lost?"

"I don't know," said the Kitten, setting to work to wash the snow from her paws.

"Where have you started to go?" asked the Rabbit.

"I do not know just where it is that I ought to go," the Kitten said, "but I am afraid if I am not near the right place now that I must be lost, as you say, for I've come a long, long way."

"What are you intending to do?" asked the Rabbit.

"Well, I have thought I would try to be a Christmas Present," the little gray creature answered, looking around her and shivering.

"A Christmas Present!" repeated the Rabbit. "What kind of animal is that?"

"I don't know exactly, Sir," the Kitten replied, "but my Grandmother was one when she was young, and it's something very nice. My Mother often said to my brothers and I, that we were to remember to be very polite and always keep our fur clean because we were not common Kittens, although we lived in a shed, for our Grandmother was a Christmas Present."

"But *you* are a Kitten," said the Rabbit. "How can you change into anything else?"

"I don't know," said the little creature, "but I think a Kitten *can* be a Christmas Present, for my Grandmother was one. If I could meet the Gray Squirrel who lives in the Forest, perhaps *he* could tell me about Christmas Present, for *he* knows about Christmas Trees."

"Do you have to live in a Christmas Tree to become a Christmas Present?" wondered the Rabbit, who thought that sounded *most* unpleasant.

That's the Way the Story Begins in the September Issue of the Children's Magazine

If you would like to read the whole of this delightful story, and are not already a subscriber, send 50c. today for a six-months' subscription to The Children's Magazine, with one of the coupons on the opposite page, and you will receive in addition six back numbers of this good little magazine—the "little brother" of Little Folks.

Any of your non-subscriber friends may have a six-months' subscription to The Children's Magazine, and six back numbers, if you will give them one of these coupons, to be sent to us with 50c.

The supply of back numbers is limited, so send at once. We cannot guarantee a sequence of numbers, so if you are particularly anxious to read THE KITTEN THAT WANTED TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, ask to have your subscription begin with the September number.

Lots of other good stories in every number, for children from 2 1-2 to 10 years old.

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

COUPONS FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS

If you are not a subscriber, send one of these coupons with 50c. and receive The Children's Magazine for six months, together with six back numbers. If you wish to read the whole of "The Kitten that Wanted to be a Christmas Present," ask to have your subscription begin with the September number.

GIVE A FRIEND A COUPON

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

Gentlemen:

I enclose 50c. *with this coupon for a six-months' subscription to The Children's Magazine, with which I am also to receive six back numbers of the magazine.*

Please begin my subscription with the ..... *number.*

Name .....
Street and No. .....
Town .....
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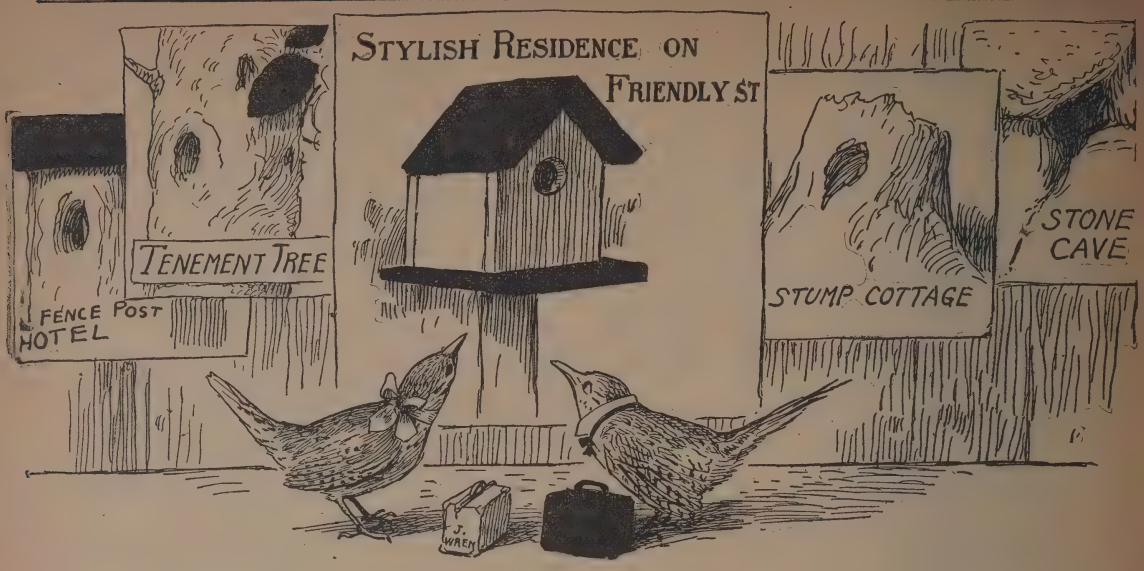


CHOOSING A HOME

ONE day in spring young Jimmy Wren
To Jenny Wren was wedded;
They both wore travelling suits of brown,
For northward they were headed.

"Now, I'll go first," quoth Mr. Jim,
"And find a habitation.
On my good taste you may rely—
I'll pick the best location!

"I've heard that homes are plentiful
Up north, and at this season
It should be a very simple task
To find one within reason."

Sweet Jen agreed, and so Jim went,
With many a farewell twitter—
'Twas difficult indeed, he thought
In such short time to quit her.

Soon Jenny, too, went flying north,
And there glad Jimmy met her.
He sung and sung to tell her how
He'd missed nor could forget her.

"But houses, wife, though plentiful,"
He told her with a sigh,
"Are not the sort we're looking for—
I've had to pass them by.

"It's not the rent—we can afford
To occupy the best;
But not a dwelling have I found
That's fit to hold a nest.

"When first I came, Fence Post Hotel
We'd live in, dear, I vowed,
But quarters there were crowded,
And no children were allowed!

"Though Tenement Tree was roomy,
It wasn't clean inside—
No sort of place for children,
For the door was open wide.

"Stump Cottage was quite cozy,
But the landlord said 'twas hired.
Stone Cave was cold and dreary—
My, Jenny, I was tired!

"I don't know what would have happened
If I hadn't chanced to meet
Our cousin Carolina,
Who lives on Friendly Street.

"We're moving in directly—
The house is most complete,
Right side of Carolina's,
And it's just as clean and neat!

"It's green and brown in color,
With a platform and a door
That will let a little wren through
But's not big enough for more.

"We'll be safe and warm and happy,
And no enemies need fear;
And for rent, we'll sing and labor
To keep the garden clear

"Of bugs and worms and insects
That human folk detest,
But which, for you and me and birdlings,
Assuredly is best."

So Jenny Wren and Jimmy
Find their happiness complete
In their specially constructed,
Stylish home on Friendly Street.

Wrens are among the few birds who enjoy living in man-made bird-houses. They are friendly little feathered folk who arrive early and stay late, singing their way through the season and working diligently to clear your garden of insect pests. Once a pair of wrens find a desirable nesting-place, they will return to it year after year.

The house which Jimmy and Jenny found on Friendly Street is specially made for wrens, and the opening is not large enough for other birds who frequently disturb these little brown songsters.

Such a "knock-down" wren-house, complete in seven pieces, stained green and brown, packed with nails and pirections for putting together, will be sent to anyone who secures one new yearly subscription to Little Folks (not their own), or to any subscriber renewing his or her subscription and sending 25c. extra.

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

OUR NURSERY BORDER

By Lucile Monte

PERHAPS other Little Folks would like to know what my mother is doing with the pictures on the covers of our Little Folks.

Instead of framing them, as I suppose you have guessed, she is mounting them in the center of little wooden boards, all the same size and shape. Around the edge of these boards she makes a border of plaster of paris. This frame-like border she gilds and then she puts shellac over the entire surface. These dear little plaques we have hanging around on the walls of our nursery, at regular intervals, in a row.

You see, we can take them down and look at them while Mother is telling us the stories they illustrate, without any danger of breaking or soiling them. A damp cloth takes off all the finger prints.

Each month we were so eager for the new picture to add to our nursery border! Now that you have all your 1920 magazines, with their lovely covers, why don't you do this, too?

Something Other Readers Have Written

SINCE the November magazine went to press we have received. but are unable to print, letters from the following children:

Elizabeth Jarman, Rose Ellen Grantham, Dorothy Duhem, Beth Cramer, Fannie Parr, Marjorie Yarrell, Evelyn Gisrill, Naomi Smith, Imogene Ewing, Alice Ballenger, Dorothy Darby, Doris Connelly, Roland Gabe, Ruth Chappell, Mary Louise Haugh, Lurene Warren, Madeline Reiser, Lucy Ripley, Frances Yainton, Martha Reed, Agnes Champney, Sophie Stevens, Mary Cassedy, Nola Christensen, Talmadge and Rufus Weekley, Judith McCormick, Edith Funn, Lillian Letendre, Gene Scott, James Carson, Jr., Nancy Wallace, Mary Hatfield, Edith Greenwood, David Bauer, Nancy Wright, Florence Faler, Mabelle Singleton, Leah Kelly, Laura Wilson, Gladys Reed, Alice Van Buren, Florence Wheelock, Marjorie Dunham, Martha Ericksen, Elaine Ridgeley, Lois Hollingsworth, Mary Elizabeth Rhodes, Isabella Orrelle, Sally Blythe, Mary K. Mitchell, Lucia Scofield, Frances Lyons, Dorothy Ensign, Edith Coale, Elizabeth Burke, Mary Ryerson, Lucille Sutton, Zelma Benson, Margaret Gessner, Mary Dunlap, Kate Jones, Elizabeth Wells, Harriet Rother, Marion Yoemans, Dorothy Minot, Kermith Howe, Lucile Cook, Lucille Bishop.

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 164)

Every other month we will learn about one of the Honors, and how to win it. When you win the second Honor, you will be an Honor Guard, first and second- rank, and so on. You may compete for any and all of the Honors, and if you win them all, your name will be printed as a National Honor Guard, and we shall all be very proud of you because we shall know you are a true Home Guard, who has won the highest honors our club can bestow. Do you like this plan?

You will notice that our pin bears two crossed flags and the inscription "Little Folks National Guard." That will remind you always that our country is the biggest Home which we have to guard, and that we are a national club, with members everywhere.

I want to thank Frances Hunt of River View, Alabama, for the suggestion that we have some club colors and a club flower. I think the best colors we can choose are those on our pin—our country's colors, red, white and blue. But I'm sure I don't know what flower we'd like best, so suppose you write me a letter and choose one. It would be nice to choose a flower that we could all plant in our gardens, wouldn't it? That is Frances' idea, too. Whatever we choose, it will be the flower the largest number of you want. Send me your choice soon, won't you.

I think it would be nice, too, to print letters from our members telling us how they try to win their honors, and about the Home Guard Clubs that Robin tells me some of you have formed. That's a splendid idea, and we'd like to know about yours if you belong to one. If you would like to know how your club can win a special Home Guard Club Honor, write to me, and I will tell you.

If you are already a Home Guard, you need not join again; if you have not joined, I hope you will. All you need to do to join is to send me your name and address, and if you want a pin, enclose five cents.

Lurene Warren, your pin was returned, unclaimed, from Clinton, Miss. If you will send me your correct address, I will send you your pin. Robert William Apple, you did not write your address on your application for membership and so Auntie Frances could not send you your pin at all. She wrote to the post-office that was stamped on the envelope the writing on which looked most like yours, but the postmaster said you did not live there. Will you send me your correct address and let me send you your pin?

Auntie Frances, Robin, Peg and Maysie send you their best love and hope they will see all of your names on our first Home Guard Honor Roll in April. And so do I, little cousins!

Lovingly,
Cousin Constance.

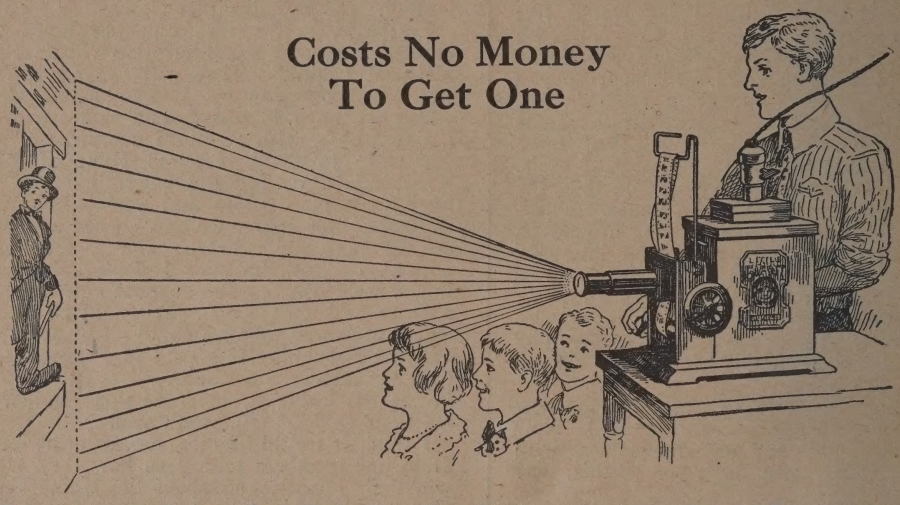
THIS AIR RIFLE FREE
for selling 12 pckgs. Bluine at 15c. a pckg. Rifle first-class in every way. When sold return our $1.80 and we will send rifle, all postage prepaid.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 710-Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 208)

BOYS AND GIRLS GET A
Moving Picture Machine Free

By Forming a Movie Picture Club Among Your Friends

One of these moving picture machines works like a real big one, and actually uses the same films, with the only difference that these films are not so long.



These machines throw a clear, distinct moving picture varying from 3 to 5 x 7 feet on a white sheet or plain wall. They are of metal throughout, with a long electric cord and plug to use in any electric light socket. The lenses make it possible to sit across the room and focus the picture perfectly on a sheet or white wall.

If You Like Movies, You Will Like This Machine

You can get Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Mutt and Jeff and lots of other well-known film artists' shows for your own performances. Three films come with each machine and three extra five-foot ones can be bought for only $1.00, or will be given for one additional subscription.

If You Like To Give Shows, Here's Your Chance

Just think how all the other boys and girls will envy you when they know you have a real movie machine and are giving real movie shows any time you wish. They will all want to join your movie club and help you and own the machine with you.

HOW TO JOIN

First tell all your friends that you are forming a club to get a movie machine. Only eight can join with you, and each member has only to subscribe to Little Folks to become a member of the club. You take their subscription at $2.00 each, and send them to us, eight of them. Then we send you your machine with three films all ready to give a show as soon as it is unpacked.

As organizer of the club you should be elected president and take care of the machine. With the money you get from your shows, you can get as many more films as you wish, and all winter you can keep giving shows with new films. Remember, all you do is to get eight other children to subscribe to Little Folks, and then we send you the movie machine FREE, postpaid, with three films ready for your show.

Or if you get your friends to subscribe to Little Folks, and send us $2.00 extra, you can get the machine with the three films. Cash price of machine and three films, $5.00.

Send all orders to **S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.**

INTERESTING TOYS FOR PLAY-TIME

CELLULOID DOLLY

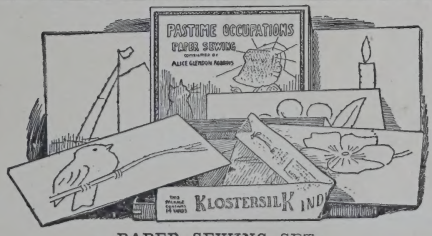
Big dolls are nice, of course, but when it comes to dolls to dress, a big doll isn't in it with a little doll like this one. This is a four-inch celluloid baby, that has movable arms and golden hair, bound with a gay ribbon. She is just the right size to carry about with you, and if you go visiting and want to take a dolly along, she will fit into some corner of Mother's trunk or suit-case as nicely as you please, and be no bother at all. If you have a doll-house, she is the best possible size to live in it. She stands alone, and you are sure to love her smile, and to enjoy making clothes for her.

IT'S A CUM-BAC

No matter where you roll it, on the level, or up hill or down, it will come back to you. This toy is well made of strong paper, gaily colored, and is provided with springs which make it cum-bac." The heads of the "cum-bac toys are made of tin. Little people will enjoy this mysterious toy.

KATE GREENWAY PUZZLES

Two charming block puzzles for little people, in twenty pieces each. The puzzles are printed on reverse sides of the same blocks, so in addition to giving you some fun in selecting the right pieces for the right places, they also really and truly puzzle you, for you need to be sure that your piece is right side up for the puzzle you wish to put together. Guides come with the puzzles, showing the two completed pictures—little Kate Greenway figures in their quaint costumes.



PAPER SEWING SET

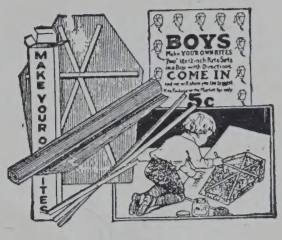
Most little girls like to sew, and so do little boys, too—not really, truly sewing, you know, like Mother does when makes your pretty clothes, but the easy kind with a big needle and a long strand of silk, the sort done in the picture just above. "Paper Sewing" we call it, because you sew through cardboard squares on which are printed pretty pictures, and when you are through, your pictures are outlined in silk. This is the nicest sort of sewing for little fingers. There is a skein of silk with each set, and pictures of all sorts of things from a sail-boat to a basket.

FLYING TINKER

This is the "Pilot of the Sky." The ste consists of a holder, blade and cord, all exceptionally well finished, and ready for use, and provides fun for little kiddies and big ones as well. A pull on the cord sends the blade out of the holder high into the air. You can have "flying' contests with this toy, and you will be able to think of lots of other games to play with this fascinating Tinker. Requires and developes skill in operating. A splendid out-of-door toy for active children,and one that will keep them happy and busy.

WHISTLE

This fine new nickle police whistle is just what every boy wants. It is well made, almost five inches long, and when blown upon emits a long, piercing blast that can be heard for a great distance. Has a ring by which it may be fastened to a chain or a key and carried in your pocket. A great convenience on scouting hikes, camping-hikes, berrying expeditions, and picnics.



KNOCKDOWN KITES

Boys, here is everything you need to make a kite that will fly better than any you ever had. It comes complete, ready to put together with full directions. They are easy to make and great fun. Each outfit contains hardwood sticks, heavy fibre paper covering, string for frame, etc. enough for two kites.

Some day, when there is a good kite wind, ask same of your chums to come over and have a kite party. You can make your kites together and then go out and fly them. Your sister and her girl friends will enjoy kite-flying and kite-making as much as you do, but the boys and girls who have these knock-down kites will win most contests.

JUMP ROPES

Was there ever a girl who didn't like to jump rope? The one we offer is made of select, strong, durable rope, with fine polished handles, all ready for a skip and a jump the minute you take it from the package. Jumping rope is good exercise if it isn't overdone, and most every little girl would be delighted to own a fine jump-rope like this one. It will last a long time and give you many hours of fun.

Your choice of any four of the premiums described on this page for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price for each separate premium, 20c.

Mail order Toys for Girls and Boys—Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

I heard a young mother talking to her little son about his teeth—telling him how important it is that the teeth be kept clean.

"If you want to be a big, strong bo[illegible]" she said, "and then a big, strong man, you must have go[illegible] And to keep your teeth sound you must remembe[illegible] you are a little boy, to brush them twice ev[illegible]

The young m[illegible] the taste of Ribbon Dental Cream [illegible] in inducing him to form the impo[illegible] talked with him about it now and [illegible] advantage to his health and comfo[illegible] care.

"Then twice a year," she [illegible] the dentist look him over."

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38088 11-19-21

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